

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1826.

No. 20.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

### ROSINA VANGORDEN, OR THE OFFSPRING OF A DAUGHTER.

(Concluded.)

Pale and trembling, Rosina sank weeping into the arms of her grandfather.

" Then I am but thy grandchild," she exclaimed, " yet my affection for thee seems increased rather than diminished by the intelligence—still let me call thee father, for more than father thou hast been to me : still let me cheer thy age, and in my love forget the errors of my helpless mother—but Wilfred"

" He was my son—I had hoped," said Christian, " he would have removed the thorn that rankled in my heart, yet heaven disposed it otherwise, and I submit."

Here ended the conversation : the disclosure of the secret seemed to remove a weight of sorrow from Christian's heart—he no longer evinced that distrustfulness towards Rosina which previously had caused her such uneasiness.—Eighteen years had matured the beauty of our heroine : she had persevered in her attention towards her parent, and he so far relaxed his strictness, that he permitted her to exchange visits with a few of the neighbors, and accept invitations to some of their simple festivities.

It was at the celebration of the birth of Catharine Lutz, a valley favorite, and friend of Rosina's, that among the guests there assembled, there was a strange youth of distinction, who travelling through Germany, and hearing of this valley, gratified his desire to behold it by this visit. As a stranger to whom hospitality was due, he was invited to be a partaker of the innocent festival, and he cheerfully availed himself of the invitation. Here he beheld our heroine, and her beauty and artlessness delighted him—he was of England ; his form was symmetry itself ; his full dark eyes, his beautiful and intelligent countenance, attracted the admiration of all, and among them, Rosina's ; she danced with him, conversed with him, sung with him, for there was an easiness in his manners, that banished every idea of his being a stranger, and impressed the mind with a belief that he was a friend or old companion. So was it with Rosina ; she in artless inexperience forgot that it was the first time she ever had beheld him, and permitted him to attend her home.

She invited him to enter the cottage—he did so, but she knew not how to introduce him to her grandfather, for she was ignorant of his name. Christian rose on their entrance ; he gazed on the youth for an instant, and his countenance was clouded with anger.

" Rosina," he abruptly said, " it is time to retire—stranger, good night to you ; it is beyond our hour of entertaining visitors—my daughter thanks you for your protection."

The stranger bowed, but replied not—he turned to bid Rosina good night—she lingered and returned his bow, while Christian, repeating his good night, closed the door upon the youth. Rosina retired to her chamber, but, for the first time in her life, sleep forsook her—a strange feeling had been awakened in her bosom ; pleasing yet perplexing—the beautiful, agreeable stranger was constantly before her imagination. " Sure that must be his voice," she exclaimed, and she listened while a full, clear and melodious voice sung the following

#### SERENADE.

Rose of the valley, the moon is on high,  
Rosina awake, for thy lover is near thee ;  
All nature is calm 'neath the mild summer sky,  
Then arouse thee, my fair one, nor fear thee.  
The nightingale carols on rose-tree and spray,  
While I 'neath thy lattice now offer my lay :  
No harm can come nigh thee,  
Then, sweet, do not fly me.  
Then arise from thy pillow, bid sleep hence away ;  
Rose of the valley, love waits for thee ;  
Rose of the valley, ah come down to me.

" Yes," said Rosina, " it is surely the young stranger, and should my father hear him, I dread the consequences of his anger. I cannot go down to him ; he would justly censure me, and—yes, I will venture to open the lattice." She did so, and the stranger repeated,

" Rose of the valley, love waits for thee ;  
Rose of the valley, come down to me ;"

" Nay, I may not," whispered Rosina ; " I tremble even to do this, for I greatly fear that I am now acting improperly. Go, I pray you, from beneath the lattice—should my father wake, he would be greatly incensed."

" Rosina," replied the stranger, " thy image has taken possession of my soul. I cannot sleep, and I am sure that I love thee beyond existence."

" I must not listen to thee : you are a stranger to me," returned the maiden—" I entreat of you to leave this—it becomes me not to listen to such language from one I do not know. —Good night."

She closed the lattice, and the youth yet lingered awhile around the cottage.

"She is all loveliness," he thought, "all artlessness and virtue, and I cannot drive her image from my mind."

On the following morning, he again visited the cottage—Rosina was there alone, for Christian, as was his custom, had gone to take his morning walk along the margin of the lake.

"How fortunate I am," exclaimed the youth, "to find thee here, and alone. Since last happy evening, you have had sole possession of my mind, nay, of my heart, Rosina."

"Sir," replied the blushing girl, "this is the language of flattery, and I must not hearken to it."

"No," replied the youth, "you wrong me—I am indeed sincere—I feel that I never can be happy without you. All that I behold in Germany wins my admiration—your majestic forests, your mountains, lakes, all fill me with delight, and you, the most beautiful being I ever beheld, fill me with love."

He dropped on his knee, and seizing the hand of the embarrassed girl, pressed it to his lips—While in this posture, Christian entered; for a moment he remained silent, but his features soon displayed the angry feelings of his heart—he violently drew Rosina from the youth, and raised his arm as though to strike him prostrate.

"Hold," shrieked Rosina, and she seized the uplifted arm, "would you strike a stranger, and within your own house?"

"Yes, girl," he replied, "when I find him endeavoring to rob me of the dearest treasure it contains." Then addressing the youth he added, "Villain, who are you?"

"I am not a villain," calmly replied the interrogated—"nor do I seek to rob thee of what thou hast justly called the dearest treasure of your house. I love Rosina, would wed her honorably. I am an English nobleman, inheriting the wealth and title of Sir Clayton Edwards."

"Ha," cried the old man, "is there an offspring of that miscreant beneath my roof? Nature cries out retaliation! he robbed me of my child; why now may I not deprive him of the being dearest to him on earth?" In his anger the old man rushed towards the youth, who stood unmoved and fearless: but as he raised his arm to strike him, it fell harmless again by his side. "No murder! I cannot harm one so beautiful, so noble looking—I will not. Boy, boy, thy father injured me deeply, yet his crime shall not be revenged on thee."

"Why all this phrenzy?" said the youth—"I am not the son of Clayton Edwards, though, as I already have said, his wealth and title is inherited by me. He was my uncle, and dying unmarried, made me his heir. Surely you cannot be Count Christian of Leitzenberg?"

"I am—at least I was, until he made me the peasant, Christian Vangorden."

"Then," said Clayton, "I am amply repaid for all the anxiety which my visit to Germany occasioned—when you are calm, I have a duty to discharge, which I promised my uncle on his death-bed to fulfil, if you yet lived, and had not left Germany."

"Discharge it now, boy," said Christian;—"my anger, like the storms of my native country, is violent, but of short duration. Rosina, my poor terrified child, retire, but ere you go, receive my kiss of forgiveness."

"Nay, let Rosina remain," requested Clayton, "if indeed she is, as I suspect, the daughter of my uncle."

"Your suspicion is correct, young man," replied Christian: "so sit thee down, Rosina, and listen to the story of thy father's death."

"It is soon told," commenced the youth, "my uncle shortly after his arrival from Vienna, some twenty years ago, was seized with a fever of the brain, which deprived him of his reason. Even when his bodily health was restored, his faculties were lost, and he was placed in the asylum for lunatics; he remained there until within two years, when he was released, restored indeed to reason, but melancholy and emaciated. He was ardently attached to my father, and when he died his fondness was transferred to me; he would have me often read to him, and would frequently relate the stories of his life, and among them that of Christine. One day he made me take my pen and write what he should dictate—it was his will, by which he made me heir to his wealth and title, on condition that I should seek you, if yet you existed, and pay you an annuity of three thousand pounds, and the like sum to Christine, if yet she lived—he soon after died, charging me, as I have already told you, to visit Germany, and endeavor to discover you—and that I have succeeded in doing so, is a happiness, a relief of mind beyond expression."

Clayton here took Rosina's hand, and continued—"Christian, I love this beautiful flower of the valley, I have no reason, in this discovery, to swerve from the declaration that I would woo and honorably wed her; in your presence I ask her love, intreat her to sanction the request I now make of thee, to let me when next I kiss her hand, to press it pledged to me."

Tears started in the old man's eyes, he gazed on Rosina; consent was in her blush and on her smile, though she could not utter it; he embraced Clayton and placed Rosina's hand in his.

"I believe you love her, though you have not known her long; she is worthy of thee, young man; fully, truly worthy of thee; cherish her fondly, and may every blessing of heaven attend thee,—abandon her and may every curse it can deal be on thee, and render thy life miserable and joyless."

The blushing girl received the blessing of old Christian.

It was soon known in the valley that Rose

Vangorden was in a short time to be married to the handsome young nobleman of England. The old women marvelled how so simple a girl could make so good a match, and the young ones sent to Vienna for new caps, ribbons, &c. in the hope that as good luck might be one day theirs.

On the happy day of their union, Rosina invited all the neighbours; among them was the smiling Catherine Lutz, who was likewise united on the same day to Casper Hines, a worthy young fellow, who had long loved the rosy round faced lass, who received a bridal portion in money and Rosina's native cottage, in testimony of former friendship from our heroine.

In a few days after the celebration of her nuptials, Rosina, her husband and grandfather, started for England, where they arrived after a short journey.

They affectionately cheered the remaining days of old Christian; his spirits revived in contemplating the felicity of his Rosina, and his dying prayer was for the continuation of the blessings deservedly enjoyed, by the innocent offspring of his poor Christine. ALCANZOR.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

#### A FRAGMENT.

"Richard Fairland," said a beautiful girl to a young gentleman who was seated on a little tuft of grass before the venerable mansion of Col. Alworth, "Why do you seem so melancholy?" Is there nothing in the scenery of this place to avert the gloominess of your brow? Within a year past you have lost all your gaiety—may I ask why this is?

"Amanda," he replied, raising his dark and expressive eyes towards her, "pardon me if I should not grant your request—I must not—I cannot divulge the cause, but there is something that hath much affected me." Amanda received his reply with a smile of sympathy, and in the raillery of innocence, she awakened a responsive smile from the youth, who immediately took her white hand within his own, and spreading his kerchief, requested her to take a seat with him upon that delightful spot where they had spent so many happy hours in the gay conversations of youth and innocence. A large willow overshadowed them, and the bright flowers, which bloomed around them in thick tufts, shed their soft perfume in the air, and rendered this delightful little door plot almost a consecrated spot. When they were thus seated Amanda renewed her inquiries; yet so sweetly inquisitive was she, that it must have been an iron heart that could have refused compliance to her requests: "Oh, my dear girl" said Richard, as he clasped her hand which he still held fervently within his own and bathed it with tears—I am the most miserable of beings—do not curse me! Oh, do not curse me! It is you only who could render life even supportable to me! But urge me no further—did you know—did you know—I

should forever lose that tear of sympathy which you just gave me—I should never more behold one smile from you—then do not urge me further.

Amanda was struck with surprise at this strange conduct in Mr. Fairland, and a burning flush rushed across her cheeks—as rising, he addressed her "but for the world disclose not what I now have said."

They retired to the house; but she shuddered at the mysterious manner in which Richard had addressed her—she trembled lest she had plighted her truth to one who was to make her miserable forever: And yet thought she, his generous heart cannot be guilty of crime—his quick sensibility may make him suppose that crime which may have been but an error of the mind.

The day for the nuptials of Amanda, and Mr. Fairland was fast approaching, and with grief did the aged Mr. Alworth observe a growing coldness in his daughter towards him, whom he had thought was to seal the felicity of his child, and smooth the path of his gray hairs to the tomb. At times, it is true, they met, and when the fond girl submitted the warm impress of Richard's lips to her own a kind of horrific shuddering, betwixt love and duty, marked her fair cheeks and drove the pure essence of divinity, back to the heart from which it had often so fondly emanated. The hour arrived—the nuptial hour, which should consecrate and seal the bliss of every votary. The gay and the fair thronged the mansion of Alworth—and many a sweet smile played on the lips of the fair guests—and many a youthful heart warmed with the bright anticipations of a similar hour, to confirm their own happiness. The bridegroom appeared; the stern melancholy was upon his brow—yet his lips exhibited a forced smile, at the advance of the pale bride, led by her father, who although in her white robes, seemed as if she was advancing to the funeral pile, rather than to the hymenial altar. A tear started to her eye as she placed her hand in that of Mr. Fairland—and the quivering lip and uncontrollable tremor of her fiery form awakened a sympathy in the surrounding guests. Scarcely was the ceremony commenced when with a deep sigh she swooned away in the arms of her father; she was however soon recuscitated, but appeared so much depressed, as to enforce the suspension of the ceremony for a few moments longer—but yet the gay guests were enjoying the festive wine, and the light music played softly through the hall, from the lips of many a fair vocalist, till again Amanda was led to the altar; she was still pale and dejected, the rose wreath which was hung upon her brow, seemed as the flowers which are strewn above the sleep of the dead—again did the pious pastor commence upon his duties; for a moment she listened—then bursting into tears she fell upon the bosom

of her father, and exclaimed—"Oh father! I cannot, I must not give my hand to Mr. Fairland." This unexpected declaration threw the whole company into consternation. Mr. Fairland immediately left the room, and for a moment the gay assemblage were transfixed in astonishment. In vain was she solicited to disclose her reasons for her refusing to comply with the ceremony; tears choked her utterance, perhaps her love of Fairland prevented a disclosure, and after a short stay the company departed leaving the house of Alworth, now the sanctuary of tears, which had so lately promised to be the home of happy smiles.

From this hour Miss Alworth mingled not in the society about her; the silent sadness of melancholy had stolen over her senses, and she seemed like one who had lost every enjoyment for life. The flowers bloomed in vain for her, she gathered them not, she saw them not. The remonstrances of her father were in vain. He saw the only hope of his declining years wrecked, and he soon found his passage to that better world, where all the woes of this are forgotten.

A year passed away, and another, yet still was the whole affair a mystery. The once beautiful and interesting Amanda was almost forgotten, and the history of these events served only as an era to recal some past moments to other, but more happy young.

Richard Fairland, who as an antidote to care had seized the devouring draught, was pointed out as a victim to female treachery. He had never once visited the house of Alworth since the circumstance above described; but in a state of mute desperation he had quaffed the enticing cup, until the fortune of which he was possessed, had been wasted from various causes entirely away.

One night when the dark clouds of winter were hovering in the sky, and the hurrying winds were sweeping by in fury, a knocking was heard at the gate of the Alworth residence. The door was opened and a stranger wrapped in a cloak, which entirely obscured his person delivered the following letter addressed to Amanda Alworth and hastily retired.

DEAR AMANDA,

To morrow, nay, you will scarce have read this ere I shall be no more; from the hour I first saw you I loved you—but no more of that: that which thou hast learned Amanda was not all; but Oh! that little dissevered the thread to which our mutual happiness was suspended: *You had a brother once—God forgive me—I am a murderer.*

R. FAIRLAND.

Scarcely had the seal of this letter been broken, when the noise of a pistol was heard near the house—and Fairland was no more. Amanda shuddered, but when she read the last lines of the letter, animation forsook her cheeks, and from that moment the frail fibres of her existence were rent asunder forever.

P.

## BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

### JOHN LEDYARD.

An enterprising traveller, was born at Groton, Connecticut, about the year 1750. At the age of eighteen he commenced the study of divinity at Dartmouth College, New-Hampshire. During his residence at this institution he had an opportunity of learning the character and manners of the Indians, which was of no little advantage to him in the future periods of his life. In the year 1771, he went to New-York and embarked for London. When captain Cook sailed on his third voyage of discovery, Ledyard who felt an irresistible desire to explore those regions of the globe which were yet undiscovered or imperfectly known, accepted the humble station of corporal of marines rather than forego an opportunity so inviting to his inquisitive and adventurous spirit. He was a favourite of the illustrious navigator, and was one of the witnesses of his tragical end in 1778. In 1781 he returned to his native place after an absence of ten years. In 1782, he again embarked at New-York for England. He now resolved to traverse the continent of America, from the north west coast, which Cook had partly explored, to the eastern coast, with which he was already perfectly familiar. He accordingly crossed the British Channel to Ostend, with only ten guineas in his purse; determined to travel over land to Kamschatka, whence the passage is short to the western coast of America. When he came to the gulf of Bothnia, he attempted to cross the ice, that he might reach Kamschatka by the shortest way; but finding that the water was not frozen in the middle, he returned to Stockholm. He then travelled northward into the arctic circle, and passing round the head of the gulf, descended on its eastern side to St Petersburg. There his extraordinary appearance attracted general notice. Without stockings or shoes, and too poor to provide himself with either, he was invited to dine with the Portuguese ambassador, who supplied him with twenty guineas, on the credit of Sir Joseph Banks. Through his interest, he also obtained permission to accompany a detachment of stores to Yakutz, in Siberia. From Yakutz, he proceeded to Ochotsk, on the Kamschatkan sea. But as the navigation was completely obstructed by the ice, he returned to Yakutz. Here he was seized as a prisoner, and conveyed through the north of Tartary to the frontiers of the Polish dominions, where he was released on condition of returning to England. Poor, forlorn, and friendless, and exhausted by fatigue, disease, and misery, he proceeded to Koningsburg, where the interest of Sir Joseph Banks enabled him to procure the sum of five guineas by means of which he arrived in England.

He immediately waited on Sir Joseph Banks who recommended him to an adventure as perilous as that which he had just returned.

Ledyard engaged with enthusiasm in the enterprise, and received from Sir Joseph a letter of introduction to one of the members of the association, which had been formed for promoting the discovery of the interior parts of Africa, which were then little known. The description which that gentleman has given of his first interview, strongly marks the character of this hardy traveller. "Before I had learned," says he, "from the note the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. I spread the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Senaar, and from thence westward in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him that was the route by which I was anxious that Africa might if possible, be explored. He said he should think himself singularly fortunate to be intrusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out? To-morrow morning was his answer."

From such zeal, decision and intrepidity, the society naturally formed the most sanguine expectations. He sailed from London, June 30, 1788. He passed through Paris and Marseilles to Alexandria.

He there assumed the dress of an Egyptian traveller, and proceeded to Cairo, which he reached on the 19th August. Here, after repeated delays and disappointments in the departure of the caravan which he was to have accompanied, he was obstinately attacked by a fever, which baffled the skill of the most approved physicians of Cairo, and terminated his earthly existence, January 17, 1789.

Besides his communications to the African association, he published an account of Cook's voyage in 1781. A number of his manuscripts remain in the hands of his brother, of the city of New-York.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

### THE DISSIPATED YOUTH.

If I wished to become a nuisance to myself and my friends, and be hooted at by the rabble in the street—if I wished to make myself a wretched, miserable outcast, a burden to society, and a transgressor of the laws of God and man—if I wanted, by one ungrateful stroke, to disappoint all the fond expectations of my friends, and bring down the gray heads of my parents with sorrow to the grave—if I desired to destroy my happiness, I would immediately become a filthy drunkard; or rather, I would acquire the habit by degrees, so that my "conscience might become seared as with a red hot

iron." Of all vices this should claim the precedence, because I could then more easily addict myself to any other. It is said that Death upon a certain time summoned the whole train of diseases, in order to choose a prime minister. Fever, palsy, dropsy, gout, asthma, plague and consumption; each preferred their claim to the honor of the illustrious office. In the midst of their contention, a lady, with a flushed and jovial countenance entered, whose name was Intemperance. Upon making known her qualifications, which were infinitely superior to any of the others, the grisly monarch placed her at his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favorite and prime minister.

The most efficient weapon the great adversary of man ever wielded, I will venture to affirm, is intemperance in the use of ardent spirits; and if ever "he grins horribly a ghastly smile," it must be when he casts his eye upon this powerful agent and congratulates his hellish appetite upon its success. Have we not known the youth, with promising talents, possessing a lively genius, with the advantages of friends and fortune, commence the world with fair prospects of future greatness? Have we not thought we could discover in his character all those qualifications necessary to form a great and good man, that we could desire even in the heart of a friend, or brother?—mix with the dissipated and vulgar, and abandon himself to beastly intoxication? How extremely painful is this departure from the path of rectitude to the bosoms of his parents! They had long mistrusted and dreaded it; now it bursts upon them like the overflowing of mighty waters, and strikes all their joys with a sentence of death! They have often plead with him, they have often exhorted him by the ties of humanity, by his duty to God and himself, to dismiss for ever from his lips the all-annihilating cup of poison. They cannot yet give him up. Though their hopes of success are faint, yet they feel determined once more to lay siege to his heart, strongly fortified as it is by vice, and almost superior to the teaching of conscience. They take him alone, remind him of his former promises, paint to his imagination in lively colors the consequences of a continuance in dissipation, and unfold to him the hidden mazes and dangers attendant upon the course of conduct he has adopted. The mother feels all the tender solicitude of maternity.—Her very soul weeps over the ruins of her once promising son. She exhorts, she entreats, with such an air of distraction, that none but a callous heart could possibly be proof against it. So completely is she interested, so feelingly and pathetically does she appeal to his heart, that the father stands by, and mentally acknowledges the superiority of her powers of eloquence. Presently she abates. The effort was too much. Unabled longer to contain the emotions of her soul, she gives her

sorrows vent in floods of grief. Now the father advances: Even his manly feelings cannot brook the affecting scene. The big tear stands glistening in his eye, impatient of restraint. He takes him by the hand—"My son!"—he can say no more—his heart is full; but silently points him to the mother. His looks, however, express in a most explicit manner what he would say—"My son! canst thou behold the sorrows of thy mother and remain incorrigible?—Canst thou witness her grief, her distress for thee, and still continue unmoved? Are her entreaties, her prayers, her tears of no avail to thee? Dost thou not know that thy ingratitude daily sinks in her bosom the poisonous dart still deeper? Canst thou behold with indifference the grief of her who watched over thy infant moments with constant, tender anxiety, who indulged herself with the pleasing anticipation, that thou wouldst at this time have been a rich blessing to her, and whose soul even now yearns over thee with tender compassion? Mark her pallid cheek! By a continuance in this conduct, thou wilt become an orphan, and thy father friendless." In the heart of the victim there are yet some fugitive remains of virtue.—Remorse is pictured on his countenance, and he does in a measure realize his ingratitude. He cannot refrain from weeping. The tears of penitence are far the brightest, richest gems that ever shone; and he who never shed them, never felt true joy. But the unhappy victim is too far advanced for a radical change. In the shades of evening, we have seen a distant light faintly illuminate the surrounding darkness, till at last it glimmers to be seen no more. Thus it is with the superficial operations of his compunctions of conscience. He cannot, or rather *will* not resist the temptations placed before him, but for a short time. He soon returns to his vicious habits, like a dog to his vomit, and like the sow that has been washed, to her wallowing in the mire. To the heart of a fond parent the consequences of such consummate ingratitude are more easily imagined than described.

"Perhaps he is an only son, and his mother a widow"—deprived of the partner of her joys and sorrows, while the only pledge of their love was in childhood's mazy thoughtlessness, he became doubly dear to her in consequence of the bereavement. With how much carefulness and tenderness did she watch over his increasing years, while every day she thought she could discover the ripening traits of the father's countenance. Often would she relieve her pensive feeling by narrating to him the history of his father; while the innocent boy, in 'wondering expectation,' would fix immoveably his eye on hers, watch the silent tear of sorrow as it trickled down her face, and seem to swallow every word. She looks upon him as "the last vestige of her earthly hope." She fondly promises herself that he

will rock the cradle of her declining years, and smoothe her passage to the grave. She dreams not of disappointment. But ah! this—what shall I call it? where shall I find terms adequate to express it? this genuine production of the combined ingenuity of hell, has fixed upon him. After a short but vicious career beyond common measure, she beholds him die before her. Now is her tale of woe complete! Now indeed is her cup of mercy dashed to the earth! Now has she experienced the consummation of human wretchedness! "There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to bud or blossom."

There is no vice where the case of the votary is so hopeless as this. We had rather undertake to reform the profane swearer, the thief, the liar, the deist, or even the murderer and infidel; for there is really more encouragement. "O! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" Can we, my young friends, after seriously reflecting upon these things, ever become so dead to all moral feeling, as to abandon ourselves to such a course of conduct? Can we suffer the many instructions we have received, the almost daily examples which occur, to be wholly lost upon us? Are we not positively and resolutely decided which course to take?

*The House of a wedded pair.*—There is a place on the earth where pure joys are unknown; from which politeness is banished, and has given place to selfishness, contradiction, and half-veiled insults; from which the attention is diverted through associations that are prejudicial to fidelity and the tenderest affections, where remorse and inquietude, like furies that are never weary of assailing, torment the inhabitants. This place is the house of a wedded pair who have no mutual love nor even esteem.

There is a place on earth to which vice has no entrance; where the gloomy passions have no empire; where pleasure and innocence live constantly together; where cares and labours are delightful; where every pain is forgotten in reciprocal tenderness; where there is an equal enjoyment of the past, the present and the future. It is the house, too, of a wedded pair, but of a pair who in wedlock are lovers still.

Beauty, like nature's fairest flowers, blooms but to be gazed at and admired by the passing multitude. The beautiful woman seldom, if ever, finds happiness either in the company of flatterers, or untalented admirers. The one robs her of her natural gifts; making her forget the feelings of humanity, esteem, and sincere love; to build her future hopes and happiness on the bloom of her cheek; the other makes her ridiculous by over-rating her ac-

quirements, because she is a beautiful woman. The man of talents spurns the idea of stratagem, to obtain the affections of the woman he may love; he will not sacrifice his feelings or his good sense to the degrading resort of hypocrisy, but will at once avow his love, with all the ardour of his noble mind, without shading his confession with the colours of affection.

**Scarcity of Ugly Women.**—A very eccentric gentleman was once complaining, that after a great deal of trouble, he had not been able to meet with an ugly woman, so that he much doubted whether, after all, such a being existed. "For my part," continued he, "I almost believe such a creature to be a mere chimera of the imagination, and to be classed with those fictitious beings whose heads are said to grow beneath their shoulders. Some years ago, I made the following experiment: I caused two advertisements to be inserted in the papers for a house-keeper; one was for a lady who should not only be competent for such an office, but qualified also for a companion—of good education and elegant manners; the other required nothing of this, it only stipulated, as a *sine qua non*, that the applicant should be ugly. In answer to the former advertisement, I was overwhelmed with letters from so many accomplished elegant ladies, that I congratulated both the present age and my own country on possessing so much female excellence. But, would you believe it? to the latter I received not a single reply. And I have since more than once inserted the same advertisement with exactly the same success."

A butcher's boy, carrying a tray on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her wig. "The deuce take the tray," cried the lady, in a passion.—"Madam," said the lad, gravely, "the deuce cannot take the tray."

A gentleman had a dog named *Ino*. A friend meeting him with it, one day asked him its name; to which he replied, *I—no*. I suppose you do, said his friend; and if you tell me, *I shall know*, too.

A gentleman who was severely cross-examined by Mr. Dunning who asked him repeatedly if he did not live within the verge of the court, at length answered that he did. "And pray sir," said Dunning "why did you take up your residence in that place?" "In order to avoid the impertinence of *dunning*," answered the witness.

"Does your husband expectorate?" said an apothecary in this town to a poor Irish woman who long visited his shop for her sick husband. *Expect to ate!* yer honour—no, sure, and Paddy does *not* expect to ate—he's nothing at all

to ate!" The humane man sent a large basin of *mixture* from a tureen of soup then smoking on his table.

"There are a hundred justices," said one, "at the monthly meeting." "A hundred?" asked another. "Yes (said he) do you count and I will name them. There was justice Balance, put down one; justice Hall, put down a cipher, he is nobody; justice House, you may put down another cipher for him. Now *one and two ciphers*, are one hundred.

### SUMMARY.

The honourable Salma Hale, of Keene, N. H. has obtained the premium offered by the American Academy of Languages and Belles Lettres, in the city of New-York, for the best history of the United States.

A new Post-office has been established at Virgil, Cortland Co. E. Hart, Post-master.

An efficacious remedy is used for the influenza, which is drinking very plentifully of barley water, sweetened with brown sugar, and strongly impregnated with acid, observing a strict diet.

### LITERARY PREMIUMS.

In order to render the next volume of the *RURAL REPOSITORY* more worthy of the patronage of its numerous subscribers, and with a further view of encouraging "native" literature, we now offer the following premiums—

1st.—For the best ORIGINAL TALE, or ESSAY, to occupy not more than four, nor less than two pages of the Repository—\$10.

2d.—For the second best ORIGINAL TALE or ESSAY, —a set of Byron's works, handsomely bound.

3d.—For the best piece of MISCELLANEOUS POETRY, not to exceed eighty lines—a complete set of the Repository

All communications must be directed to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y., and forwarded (post paid) prior to the first day of May next; when the premiums will be awarded by a committee of gentlemen selected for the purpose.

### MARRIED,

In this city, on Monday morning, the 20th ult. by the Rev. Howard Malcom, Mr. BENJAMIN DEMING, of Otsego Co. N. Y. to Miss HANNAH SUNNER, of Salisbury, Con.

In this city, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. King, Capt. GEORGE BARKER, of New-York, to Miss NANCY COFFIN, of this place.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Capt. EDWARD ABOT, of Boston, to Miss JULIA PEASE, of this city.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. JAMES M. REED, of Saugerties, to Miss ELLEN STRUSE, of this city.

### DIED,

In this city, on Sunday last, Mr. JOHN DERBY, aged about 25 years.

In this city, on Thursday the 23d ult. in the 65 year of her age, Mrs. BETSEY LITTLE, wife of Mr. Robert Little, of this place.

On the same day, a child of Mr. James Humphrey, aged about 9 months

On the 16th ult. Mrs. ELIZA THURSTON, wife of Edward C. Thurston, Esq.

At New-York on the 12th ult. of the prevailing Epidemic Mr. JOHN GREEN, formerly of Columbia County.

In New-York, on the 15th ult. ABRAHAM VAN BUSKIRK, Esq. of Athens, aged 61 years.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.  
NOVEMBER.

The Spring-time has fled, and those days are o'er  
When the earth was with flowers enshrin'd;  
And no more we behold the fresh blooms as before—  
They are kill'd by the desolate wind:

They sleep in the earth,  
Which first gave them birth—  
They are kill'd by the desolate wind.

The Summer has fled on the wheels of time,  
And the cold blasts of Autumn sweep o'er;—  
The robin has gone to a milder clime,  
And its nest on the willow is lone:  
Nor does its sweet song  
Re-echo along,  
For its nest on the willow is lone.

But a time, and the cold blasts of Winter are still,  
And the robin will visit again  
The now blighted tree on the side of the hill,  
And the violet blooms in the plain:  
And then will the rose  
New beauties disclose  
And the violet bloom in the plain. HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### THE BIRTH DAY.—TO M——

Your life sweet girl has been till now  
Like flow'rets fair in May;  
And oh! may care ne'er cross your brow,  
Upon your Natal Day.

May happiness and pleasure e'er,  
Throughout your life bear sway;  
And may you never shed a tear,  
Upon your Natal Day.

Take virtue for your sov'reign guide,  
Through life's entangled way,  
Your days will then in sweetness glide,  
On every Natal Day.

Oh! may that heart forever seem,  
As light when I'm away;  
As when you number'd seventeen  
On your last Natal Day.

G.

### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

They grew in beauty, side by side,  
They fill'd one house with glee—  
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow,  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the west  
By a dark stream is laid:  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the lov'd of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd  
Above the noble slain,  
He wrapped his colors round his breast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,  
She faded midst Italian flowers,  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest who play'd  
Beneath the same green tree,  
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheer'd with song the hearth—  
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,  
And nought beyond on earth!

### BURIAL OF BONAPARTE.

In the lonely vale the warrior's tomb  
Is made, where the willows wave;  
No blackened funeral brings its gloom,  
But thundering cannon echo, boom—  
Whilst martial banners, and soldiers brave,  
Crowd to the mighty warrior's grave.

Son of Ambition! though thou wert the foe  
Of Europe's united bands,  
Thy heart knew valour's brightest glow;  
Whenever thou struck, 'twas a giant's blow;  
Thou shackled the might of a thousand hands;  
And dared to have conquered a thousand lands.

Thou built up thy tomb in the span of thy life—  
Thy death the wild comet foretold.  
Tho' peace and thy hot-heart for ever were rife;  
Tho' thy mind was best pleased in the wild battle's  
strife:

Thy pride was fair science's page to unfold,  
To cherish the arts and enshrine them in gold.

Rest, spirit of fire, in the lonely vale,  
Where the willows lightly wave!  
For thee shall Gallia's soldiers wail;  
Shall tell thy wild deeds in many a tale;  
And pay the last meed to the once proud brave,  
In the lonely vale, o'er the warrior's grave.

C. E. E.

## ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Questions and Commands.

PUZZLE II.—Because they are tenants (*Ten Aunts.*)

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

A gentleman observed to another that an officer in the army, whose rank indicated the fact, had left his house without paying rent. *Quere*, What was the rank?

II.

In what particular does the practice of the School boy differ diametrically from that of his master?

## LOTTERY TICKETS

For Sale at this Office.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday, at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post-office.

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